54

Murther Unparalel'd:

Or, an Account of the Bloudy Murther of

THOMAS THYN, Esq;

On *Sunday* the 12*th*. of *February* 1682.

To the Tune of *Troy Town*.

17. Feb. 1682

[1]

COme and assist my Trembling Pen,
While I endeavour to explain,
The Bloody minds of cruel Men,
That will no wickedness refrain.
But Bloudy Humors to fulfill,
Innocent Blood they daily spill.

[2]

Now my sad story I'le begin,
The like I think you n'er did hear,
How that the great Esquire *Thin*,
Was Murther'd it doth plain appear.
Their Bloudy minds for to fulfill,
This Squire most horridly they kill.

[3]

On *Sunday* last this Gentleman,
Clear of all Scandals and Reproach,
At several places he had been,
Accompany'd with his *Grace* in Coach.
This worthy Person thought no ill,
Whilst Villains sought his Bloud to spill.

[4]

And thus they pass'd the Streets along,
Till seven or eight a Clock at Night,
And then his *Grace* he would be gone,
In whom so much he did delight.
Poor soul he little thought of ill,
While Villains sought his Blood to spill.

[5]

His *Grace* he was no sooner gone,
But this sad accident befell,
By Villains he was set upon,
Near to a place that's called *Pell-mell*.
Their Helliſh minds they did fulfill,
And there his precious Bloud did spill.

[6]

Up to his Coach these Villains ride,
As by his Servants it is said,
With Weapons which they did provide,
Whil'st he poor Soul was not afraid.
For harmless Souls do fear no ill,
While Villains seek their Blood to spill.

[8]

Meeting with him as they desir'd,
Their Helliſh courage then grew hot,
Into his Coach at him they fir'd,
And to him many Bullets Shot.
And so like Villains him they kill'd,
And his most precious Blood they spill'd

[7]

Away like Villains then they fled,
With horror doubtless in their mind,
This worthy Soul three quarters dead,
Bleeding i'th Coach they left behind.
Now had the Villains got their will,
That sought his precious Blood to spill.

[9]

When these unwelcom tidings came,
Unto the *Dukes* astonish'd ear,
His wond'rous sorrow for the same,
Did on a suddain plain appear.
He strait pursu'd those that did spill,
His precious Blood that thought no ill.

[10]

This Person then did all the night,
Pursue these Murtherers in vain,
Till *Sol* with his resplendent light,
Did to our sight return again.
But could not find those that did kill,
That harmless soul as thought no ill.

[11]

But Heaven did presently find out
What with great care he could not do,
'Twas well he was the Coach gone out,
Or he might have been murther'd too,
For they who did this Squire kill,
Would fear the Blood of none to spill.

[12]

These Villains they were seiz'd at last,
And brought before his Majesty,
This horrid thing they then confest,
Now Prisoners they in *Newgate* lie.
And be condemned no doubt they will,
That Squire Thyn's *sweet blood did spill.*

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